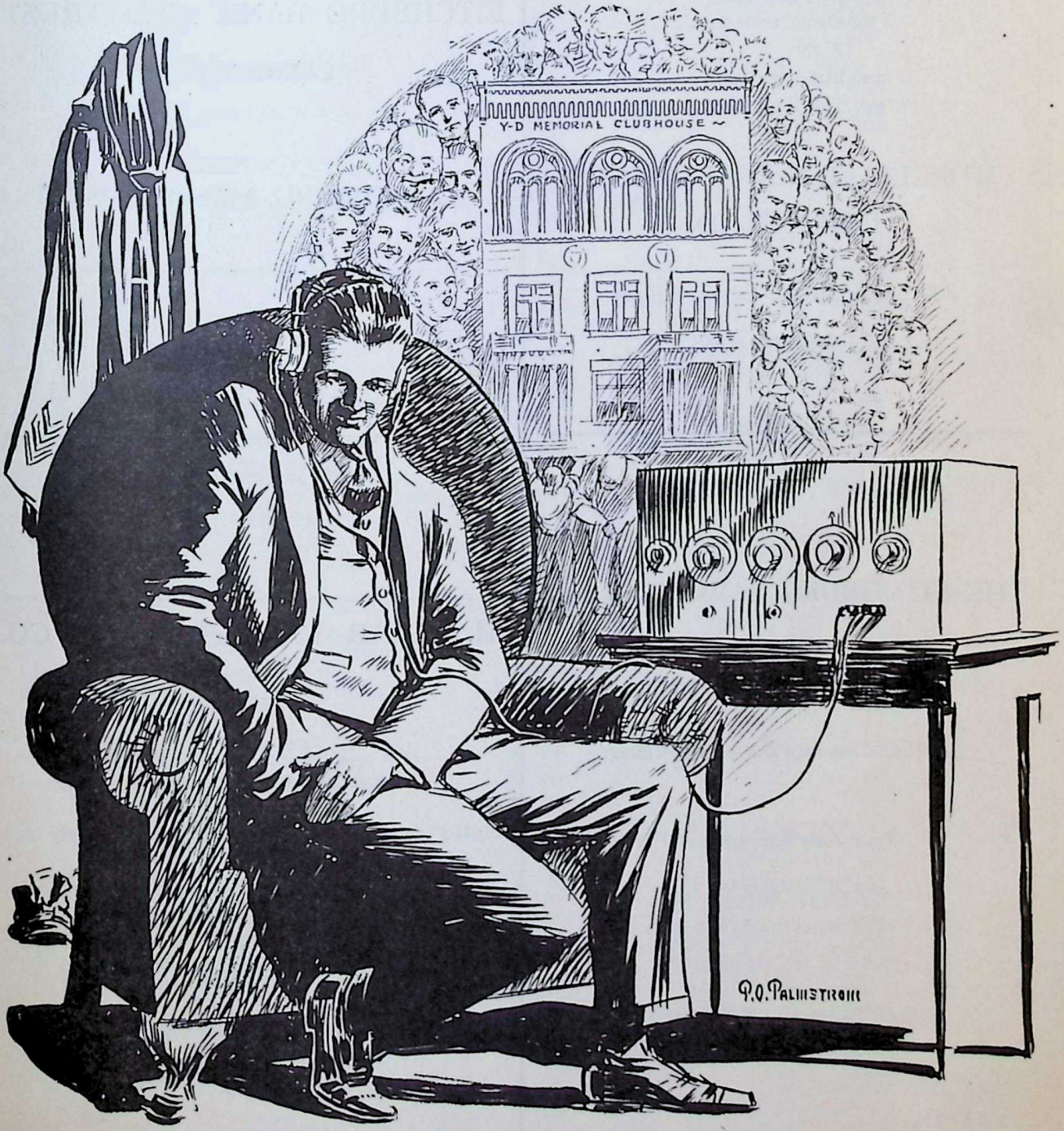
Yankee Doings

Vol. V Boston, Mass. Mar., 1924 No. 3



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200 Huntington Avenue, Boston

Application for Membership

RECOGNIZING the obligation and privilege of veterans of the 26th (Yankee) Division, A.E.F., to maintain the Memorial to our dead, to provide a liaison center and rendezvous of the living, and to assemble and preserve divisional records and relics, I herewith make application for membership in the Yankee Division Veterans Association. I understand this to include subscription to "Yankee Doings" and the privileges of membership in the YD Club of Boston. I enclose initiation fee and dues for the fiscal year ending April 1, 1925.

(Signature) .....

Name (Please Print) .....

Unit and Rank .....

Residence .....

Business Address .....

Mailing Address .....

Date .....

(Please fill in fully and legibly; these records are frequently consulted by comrades seeking this information.)

Schedule of Dues

Non-Resident Membership.....	(More than 50 miles from Boston),	$1.00	☐
Resident Membership	$ 5.00 ☐	Non-Resident (20 to 50 miles)	2.00 ☐
Life Membership	250.00 ☐	Non-Resident (15 to 20 miles)	3.00 ☐

Initiation fee: an amount equal to one year's dues.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE R. ELLIOTT, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

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Full Page	*40.00*	*Half Page*	*20.00*

Send all communications to the Secretary

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

THE BOSTON CLUB SMOKERS

We have never been able to do full justice in these pages to the Boston Club's smokers. Scheduled on the first Thursday of each month, they come just after DOINGS goes to press. The series has been a revelation to the many who have attended, and a distinct loss to any who have not. Each seems to accomplish the impossible by being better than those before. In particular, Slater Washburn's February talk on the French in the Ruhr is acclaimed by all who heard it the most remarkable description of that situation which has yet been presented to New England.

At the March gathering Chaplain W. B. Whitney of the Massachusetts State Prison spoke on "From Prison Gate to Electric Chair." We confess we didn't quite get the idea, when the subject was announced, but figured that old Bill SnYDer knew our failings as well as anyone. Another humdinger. Don't miss one.

DON'T TAKE OFFENCE

Possibly you have received (or will receive) a copy of the "Broadcast" being mailed out in conjunction with the round-up now in progress. Mailing lists have been dug out of the cobwebs, and it is physically impossible to check all the names. Don't take offence; take occasion to line up some YD acquaintance who hasn't yet come in out of the wet.

Y.D.V.A. ANNUAL CONVENTION

The 1924 Convention of the Yankee Division Veterans Association will be held Saturday, March 29, at 4.00 P.M., at Association headquarters, 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

All members of the Association, whether or not delegates of their respective Chapters, are invited to attend.

PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary.*

EDITORIAL JAZZ

Our new playmate, Benny Dictine,
Crams his corncob fuller nic'tine;
He's been rarin' for to pull his little joke.
He can jingle like ten demons
With the late lamented tremens,
And he's gonna see his name in print, or croak.

We admire a clever wheeze,
One that's tinctured with D.T.'s,
And we welcome bonnie Benny to our ranks.
Yet we fear some chronic kicker
May detect a smell of licker
On our names, and take for granted we are tanks.

Now our lives are sweet and pure,
And with years our faults grow fewer,
Though our titles give publicity to booze.
Me and Benny may be dummies,
But we're not a pair of rummies,
And we've never yet defaulted on our dues.

We're not rated as cake-eaters,
Nor suspected as wife beaters.
And altho' we've known a perfect rhyme for "Dunk,"
Better be a boob at rhyme
Than a shark at slinging slime—
So we've never called a fellow-man a skunk.

For the cruel war is over,
We are not, to date, in clover;
Yet this furlough, known as life, is mighty brief.
Petty punishments we balk at,
But we crave to heave a rock at
Any simp who still is sounding-off his grief.

With so many grounds for pride
We can let our grouches ride;
Never need an X.Y.D. bird pack the blues.
Tell the world, we're sitting pretty;
In the meantime: feed the kitty,
For the hour has come to ante up your dues.

—FULLER P. NARD.

PHOENIX FALLS IN

GEORGE BRANSCOMB (F Co. 101st. Eng.) comes to bat again from Phoenix, Arizona, with the news that he and half a dozen other YD men in that town have formed a YD Dinner Club, to meet once a month for old times' sake.

One of the penalties of having served in the Best Little Division is that a man can never forget it. If you really want to, don't ante up on dues; that'll be a step in the right direction. But take a good long look at this month's cover before you decide to join the ranks of those who will be back later.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

We hope you read this column. It is the only part of YANKEE DOINGS that can be held against the editors. Responsibility for all the rest lies with the letter-carrier on the Huntington Avenue route. Whatever he tucks under the door is bundled up by Bill SnYDer, or Miss Langley, or someone, and passed on to the printer when he isn't looking. The latter translates it to the best of his ability, puts it into type, and wishes it back on the postman for distribution. If the mail is heavy, DOINGS is plump and juicy. If the stuff is better than usual, so is DOINGS. Being YD talent, it never can be without considerable merit. The editors couldn't spoil it if they tried. "Between Ourselves" is different. It wasn't started with an idea of improving the paper. But editors have certain rights and prerogatives. One is to write editorials. Hence this column. As we said, we hope you read it.

* * *

Not because our own line makes a hit with us. More because we hope to point out some really good stuff contributed by the rest of the Division. For instance, this month's cover. Look it over again. Let it sink in. Just to prove that it registers, we're printing a bill for dues in this issue. Let your conscience be your guide. We want to be able to offer a testimonial to the work of a certain talented and generous illustrator along these lines: "Palmstrom's Pictures Pull Plunks."

* * *

We also call your attention to Treasurer Ralph Eastman's cheerful account of the comeback of the YD Club of Boston. Circumstances make the Boston Club more than a mere chapter of the Y.D.V.A. It is custodian of our splendid Memorial Building, headquarters of the Association. It furnishes the principal support of the Association and of YANKEE DOINGS. In its prosperity lies all hope for fulfillment of our ambitious plans.

* * *

The signal success of the Y.D.V.A.—no other Division boasts such unity—is due to one thing: Stickers. Meaning you. For unless you were a sticker you would not be a reader of YANKEE DOINGS. We claim that ours is the most select circle in the wide, wide world.

* * *

The Stickers have brought success to the Y.D.V.A. We are banking on them to enlarge that success by bringing the Y.D.V.A. to those who ought to be in, but are not. To make it easy for you, an application blank is included in this number of YANKEE DOINGS. Get a name on it and send it in.

* * *

As for your own dues,—we know you'll attend to that little matter promptly. You will, if you remember the password.

* * *

Stick!

SLANDER

Manager Bill SnYDer wants to take legal action against a certain concern which persists in addressing mail to the "T. D. Club of Boston." Bill insists that he doesn't run that kind of an establishment.

FROM OUT IN IOWAY

General Edwards, Boston, Mass.
Dear Sir:—

I was a member of the twenty-sixth division, (26th) while it was at the front, from July, until the division was broken up at Camp Devens, Mass.

I have heard that there was a YD Club in Boston. I would like to know what the requirements are, and if I am eligible as a member; there are several boys here who were in your old division.

Yours truly,
P. McGrath,
432 1st. N. E., Mason City, Iowa.

P. S.—I was in the army under the name of William Preston.

(Strikes us you are eligible as two members, Willum.)

IT'S A GREAT GUERRE NOW

Paris, January 22, 1924.

Imagine the thrill of riding along the road from Le Mans to Mulsanne in a Ford taxicab as a citoyen American,—the same road that we used to repair (?) daily five years ago. It was great! When I arrived in Mulsanne the madame at the Cafe du Midi dragged me into the back room and made all the oofs in the town into a mean omelet; the bottle of vin rouge at my elbow was replaced several times; the pain (Ed. Note. That's French for bread. It doesn't mean suffering. Far from it.) and the bourre were plentiful, in fact, the only thing wrong with the picture was the fact that I was alone and in civilian clothes. I would have given a million dollars to have had the old gang back in that little old cafe and I think the madame would have too.

She mentioned the fact that the cognac sales have fallen off perceptibly since Woodie, Brownie, Pop Foley, Bill Collins and a few more of the bon vivants of E Co. left town. The exact statistics she quoted were to the effect that she did more business in spirituous liquors during the six weeks that E Co. was in town than she had done for thirty years previously. She most likely exaggerated a bit.

My future plans are rather indefinite. La vie a Paris is si bon et si cheap that I hate to leave it. My room and breakfast costs about 90 cents a day and my other two meals never go over 75 cents. For example, this evening I had a huge mixed grill—more than I could eat—with a bottle of Bass's ale, net cost, including tip, 9 francs or less than 45 cents. Not so bad. Why pay $1.50 for a mixed grill with coffee in Boston when you can buy them with ale here for 45 cents.

I think I will go on to Nice in a few days and get in a little winter bathing. Will write you from there and see you in Thompson's Spa around the first of March. My best to all the E Co. boys you see.

John Rooney
"E Co. ECHOES" (101st Eng.)

Back Through Old Sectors (II)

By Lyman B. Cozzens

We landed in good order Friday morning and I prepared for the fight. After the customs officers had looked over my underwear and shirts to their full satisfaction, I carried my two grips to the railroad platform. A French porter spotted me for his game and took them to the train. I took some mixed French and American money from my pocket to pick out a couple of francs for him. If he had been the least bit reasonable he could have got away with a lot because I was green, but he spoiled his chance by trying to hog the whole thing. There was a half dollar on top and a lot of small stuff underneath. He just swept the whole handful into his hand and I swept it all back again. He thought I was more green than I happened to be, but I was not going to give him about a dollar for carrying my grips from the platform to the train. He was so persistent that I got mad. I hollered, "You get out of here or I'll give you a kick in the pants." I said it with some assurance because he was smaller than I,—besides he probably didn't understand a thing I said. I gave him three francs and told him to beat it. That was more than he deserved.

I got stung next by a Paris taxi driver. He was an American and therefore charged me three times as much as a Parisian. Then I got to the Grand Hotel and started throwing around francs. In Paris everybody in sight gets a tip. The girl that shows you to a seat in the movies waits for you to fork out something. And the elevator man stands in your way.

When I was settled I called up the two French girls that I met during the war and we hung around together the rest of the day. I learned a lot from them because they knew what size tip was expected and held me in more than once. So I let them pay for everything (with my money, of course). But it was my birthday, and before leaving Boston I had written them inviting them to a birthday party. We went to a pretty little place in a park just outside the city and spent 143 francs for dinner, besides 15 francs to the waiter and 10 to the violinist. This last spotted me as soon as I came in, and coming opposite our table played "Home, Sweet Home" to the American. I asked the girls if they knew the tune, but they did not so I knew it meant a tip. Then he played "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and asked me what else I wanted. I knew I was in bad anyway, so I asked him to play "Souvenir." It was long past my bedtime when I got home.

The next morning I had breakfast at the Cafe de la Paix at a little table on the sidewalk. This is one of the most famous cafes in the world. There are very few restaurants open in the morning and those that are are coffee places where all you can get is coffee and rolls.

I was taking the noon train train to Chateau-Thierry as I had a letter of introduction to someone there whom I will call Smith, as I cannot with good grace use his right name. It was going to be another test for me as I knew him to be one of the richest men in France, a manufacturer of musical instruments known all over the world. When I arrived at the little station everything was running in good order and men were at work as if there had never been a war. All the houses were repaired or rebuilt. Along the streets where I recall tons and tons of debris were buildings in order. And then I came to my destination and rang the bell at the gate.

I said to the maid who responded, "Monsieur Smith, demeure t'il ici?"

She replied "Oui," rather doubtfully, and looked me over in the same state of indecision. What she seemed to be saying to herself was, "Your shoes need brushing and you came on foot like a tramp, and some way you don't look like one of our set."

She led me into the house however, and shoved me into a little reception room. Very soon M. Smith came into the room, jovial and cordial, and behind him the sweetest little girl you ever did see. "Ma fille, Monsieur." I never took very well to the French girls but this one was different. I asked her if she talked English and she said, "A leetle, Monsieur," so I sat right down with her on a settee to hear the leetle. In the meantime her father had led us into a more pretentious salon and there we sat. I wondered how I looked and thought of the photograph on the passport. We were getting along royally, as I thought, when the regulation crepe-hanger came in, a big, fat man with a black mustache, and the voice at my side said, "My husband, Monsieur."

I said, "Huh?—er—how do, husband." Such atrocious taste! The big beef! I am sure she could have done better than that. However she hadn't, but I retained my seat at her side. Then Papa Smith came back bringing Mama Smith and I was kept busy with my poor French which they pretended to understand sometimes, while at others I had to appeal to my little friend with the fat husband.

They invited me to dinner and asked me where I wanted to go. I told them the Croisette Woods. Next I saw husband getting his hat, so, just as I surmised, he was going along too. A high-powered car with a stiff-necked, liveried chauffeur was at the door and we started out, husband in the back seat with Papa and Mama. We took in the Lauconnois Farm first. It was nicely repaired and the farmer was living there with his family where, five years ago, our regiment was quartered amidst the ruins. Large, fat cows were feeding in the stalls where we had slept in rows on the floor. This is where we were ordered to stand in skirmish line on the last day of the Chateau-Thierry drive but were never used.

Then we drove on through Vaux, where instead of the village in powdered form which we left, now stood rows of new, bright red roofs. Life was going on the same as it has been for hundreds of years in the little, unprogressive town.

Belleau Wood was the next stopping place. I was not much interested. It was just a large plot of crosses, hot and barren. A sight-seeing bus was there with many visitors. I wanted to get a postal card of the place, and the girl with the husband volunteered that one might be procured at the

hut. I did not get my card but an American soldier asked me if I had signed the book for visitors. I said, "No, I don't care anything about that." "Oh, don't go away without signing the book," he begged, and, as it looked as if he were about to weep, I had compassion and went forward to sign. As I did so I saw the cause of his sadness,—a large basket of money at the edge of the book. And husband right there to notice how much I put in!

After many wanderings and much questioning of the peasants, we located Paris Farm and Coupru Village, so far from the beaten track of civilization that I doubt if anyone there had ever seen an automobile before. The whole town was out to see us go by. From there only a wagon track was left for us to follow out to Croisette Woods. My heart beat fast as we approached those woods where the shells had come in quick succession when I lived there, breaking off the tops of trees and making deep gouges in the earth,—where we were gassed for hours at a time,—where we were without water for two days and at length found the old deserted house with a well. The well said, "Do not drink, this water is bad," but do you remember how good it tasted? We drank it dry. My drink was from almost the last dregs. It was brown with bottom mud, but it was cool and refreshing. I found that house. It is still deserted and in the same condition we left it. The well is still dry. But I could not get into the woods. Where we had walked on bare ground was now dense with high briars and weeds. I tried to push through, so anxious was I to find my old dugout, but only succeeded in tearing my clothes. In desperation I tried other paths, but five years of rank growth had blocked the paths so I was forced to give up.

Do you remember Chamigny, where we stole the cherries? Where we slept in the big barn and where we swam on the Fourth of July under the falls of the Marne? We stopped there only a few minutes till I could "parly voo" with the farmer's wife and tell her about our regiment that spent a few days there. It was now getting dark and I knew these good people were thinking of supper so I asked them to drop me at Nanteuil, saying I would go back to Paris by train from there. I said good-bye to them all, and as I stood by the roadside, waving a salute, I saw husband change his seat to the one beside the girl.

There was not much to see at Nanteuil. I found the little house where I lived. I am afraid my French was lacking, because the good man of the house seemed rather bewildered when I kept telling him to go up one flight more. I showed him the place beside the attic stairs where I laid my bunk in years gone by. Then he woke up and took me downstairs to his family, wanted to give me wine, and of course was much dismayed when I said I did not drink wine. He said, "Oh yes, you are dry in America." I let it go at that. Then he placed a large dish of plums before me and I sailed right in as it had been a long time since dinner. He wanted me to tell him all about it and then showed me to my train, stopping to tell everybody he met about the American who had come back.

The next day I left Paris, and on leaving the Grand Hotel I was quite unprepared for the reception they gave me.

You might as well tell the porter to come to your room for the baggage because as soon as you appear with it, he will grab it and carry it as far as the door and you will have to tip him anyway. I left word at the desk to get my bill ready but not to send the porter up till I rang. In a minute a crowd entered, the head waiter in the lead. I had never seen him as I had never eaten at the hotel. But he had to present the bill while two porters fussed with my baggage and others amused themselves in various ways till my five-franc notes were all passed around. But I stung the poor elevator man. All my baggage went down another way, so I just lounged out as if nothing special was going on. A woman had some little bags and things showing evidence of her departure so she took up his attention. He got in her way and made a grand salaam, "Au revoir, madame, bon voyage!" I don't think she responded to his first appeal as I heard him repeat it, but I didn't look back as I was scared he would discover me and come after me.

(To be continued)

WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

H. A. KINSON (103d M. G. Bn.) writes as follows from Georgetown, Mass.:

"Well, I've got something to write about at last. MIKE NORTON and I went to Boston yesterday to see the sights, and saw them. Were looking up 'PEGGY' DEVINE of the Boston Fire Department, but, as usual, he had moved. Hope he reads this and sees that our intentions were good. One of Peggy's fellow smoke-eaters asked me what I was doing with that YD button and put me through a cross-examination, for he knew a lot of fellows in the old Outfit. Those I didn't remember, Mike did. We had another fellow with us who hadn't been in the YD, and it sure felt good to be spotted and questioned about our status in the YD in a strange city. Out here in the "woods" we don't get much chance to put anyone through the third degree, for we know most everybody. It looks as though anyone wearing the button unlawfully wouldn't get away with it long with Boston cops and smoke-eaters on the job. And that's right; you don't rate the button unless you've toured France in a freight-car with the YD. I'm going to stick if I have to live on goldfish and C. C. pills while saving up my two bucks dues. If you can get rid of this danged snow, I'll attend the next smoker."

AMMUNITION TRAIN

EARL DOUBLEDAY, who, as you remember, wrote desperate letters from France to Rose, didn't marry Rose, a-tall. He married Rose's sister, Eva. Incidentally, they are the proud parents of a one month old baby girl. Earl is managing his own farm in the wilds of Vermont. R.F.D., White River Junction, Vt., will reach him.

CARROLL DUTTON, former "E" Company horseman, wants to tell the world he's married and is the father of a seventeen months old girl. And that she's *red-headed.* "Dut" is manager of the Daylight Store, Westboro, N.H. (Post Office: West Lebanon, N. H.)

SAMUEL ALLEN (Horse Section) is now located at White River Junction and is selling automobile accessories.

R. LITTLEFIELD ("B" Co.) gets to Boston occasionally and always drops in at the Club, but says he finds few "B" Co. men on deck. He is married, living at West Lebanon, N. H., and is connected with Charles H. Dudley, Inc., Hanover, N. H., athletic goods.

SIGNAL CORPS HISTORY

HISTORY OF COMPANY B

(Continued)

When the division was relieved the Company was reassembled, entrained at Braisne, and proceeded to Bar-sur-Aube with the battalion and detrained early on the morning of March 19. By direction of the battalion commander, Major Albright, kitchens had been established at the detraining point and a hot meal was served the men, the Company afterward proceeding to billets.

The Division Telephone Central was established in Bar-sur-Aube with connections to the French civil telephone exchange through which it was able to communicate with the brigades and regiments. These units, having been previously instructed, connected telephone lines into the French civil boards in their respective towns. Where no civil telephone lines existed, "B" Company personnel installed the necessary connections. Headquarters of the 1st U. S. Army Artillery were permanently located in Bar-sur-Aube and the division made use of the telegraph office there for communication with G.H.Q. French-speaking operators of the company were placed on duty in the French telephone centrals to facilitate liaison. Communications were established each night between the units of the division by advance telephone detachments during the four-day march to St. Blin.

While at St. Blin a relay switchboard was established at the American central in Rimaucourt, and a temporary line was built connecting it with the chateau at Reynel where Division Headquarters were located. The lack of instruments made necessary the use of buzzerphones between Division Headquarters and the telegraph office at Rimaucourt. The buzzerphones were connected into one side of the telephone circuit and grounded, which proved quite satisfactory. Telephone communication with the brigades and regiments was established through the French civil system in the usual manner.

The company was ordered on March 31 to proceed via French camions to Cornieville in the sector north of Toul. The detail left at Rimaucourt salvaged the temporary lines and proceeded to Cornieville the following day in a Ford truck. Company Headquarters was removed to permanent billets in Boucq on April 5.

Detachments of operators and linemen assumed control of the Division and Brigade centrals at Menil-la-Tour and Ansauville on April 2. Twenty-four hours later "B" Company of the 2d U.S. Field Battalion Signal Corps stood relieved and departed from the sector.

The command passed from the 1st U. S. to the 26th U. S. Division on the morning of April 3, with headquarters at Menil-la-Tour. Two days later, April 5, headquarters moved to the new P. C. at Boucq and on the same day the new telephone central was opened there. All telephone business for Headquarters of the 26th Division, the 51st Field Artillery Brigade, and the 103d Field Artillery Regiment was handled through this exchange.

The switchboard, comprising three 40-drop units, was operated jointly by operators from "B" company and Artillery Brigade Headquarters. Number 1 Unit controlled division local and infantry circuits, Number 2 trunking and long distance, and Number 3 artillery staff, regiments, and observation posts. This switchboard was connected by twelve 10-pair cables formed into blocks of 40 pairs terminating in a large distributing-rack equipped for 120 circuits. This rack was built similar to a commercial installation, cross-wiring being on the back with the terminal strips and lightning arresters only appearing on the front of the board. All lines entered the building in cable form, terminating in the lightning arresters on the distributing-rack.

The main axis of the division telephone system was a pole line extending from the telephone central to a junction pole in the Foret de la Rehanne and carried twenty-one pairs of No. 12 G. I. wire on standard American ten-pin crossarms. These circuits served both the infantry and artillery and were carried forward from the junction pole with twisted-pair and field-wire on tree and stake line construction. The infantry lines were distributed through a relay central in the forest, the artillery lines going direct to the regimental and battalion switchboards.

(To be continued)

AN ACCOUNTING

John H. Sherburne, Esq.

Dear General:

At a meeting of the Board of Governors yesterday afternoon, I was requested to drop you a line in regard to the affairs of the Club so that you might give out the information at the Smoker next Thursday for the benefit of those present.

While, as all YD men probably know, the Club has had its hard times,—thanks to the suggestions made by your special committee which have been carried out, the receipts from rental of parts of the Club property, together with revenue derived from the cigar counter, billiard and pool tables, is now sufficient to cover all running expenses of the Club. The incoming dues, payable April 1, will enable us to clean up all the old bills which have been hanging over us and we should start the new fiscal year with a clean slate.

Heretofore, we have been handicapped by lack of funds for "promotion" purposes but hope from now on to have sufficient money to make the Club more attractive socially than it has been in the past few years. Our smokers have been a great success, bringing out the best element of the Club, and we hope to supplement these with other affairs which will be of interest to our members.

We wish this news to be spread about as widely as possible so that any of our men who left the Good Ship YD when it was going on the rocks may know that we have survived and are ready to give them another ride if desired. Also, those who have never lined up with us should know this as they might feel like getting aboard. If the old theory that "Nothing succeeds like success" is right, we ought to be all set for a big boost forward.

RALPH M. EASTMAN, *Treasurer.*

February 2, 1924.

101st INFANTRY ITEMS

BILL TIMMINS ("B" Company) is Commander of Roslindale Post, V. F. W. Anybody who knew him in the old days would have to look twice to recognize him, he has put on so much weight. A happy family in Roslindale take up all the time he has left after his business and Post activities are attended to, so we don't see him around very often.

DORAN LYONS broadcasts the arrival of a baby Lyons. Sorry we can't tell you whether it's a boy or girl, but you have two guesses.

"We see by the paper" that Congressman BILL CONNERY, of Lynn, is a freshman at Georgetown University.

ERNEST BRYAN (Co. K) is back after about six months in the South, where he was a field agent for the "American Legion Weekly." Ernie has a regular family now. The new one arrived some six months ago.

EDWARD J. SLATTERY (Co. C) is employed at the Courthouse, Pemberton Square, Boston. He has been up to see his old buddy, JOHN CASEY, at Oxford Springs Sanitarium, Oxford, Maine. Johnny Casey, by the way, is a very sick boy, and any of you who know him (or any who do not) can cheer him up by writing a few lines.

LEON R. HIGGINS (Co. B) has been in training for the past three years with L. W. Rand, Brockton's leading photographer, and is about to complete his course. Leon has proved an apt pupil, and no doubt we will see his shingle out in Brockton soon. Apart from his work he has found time for American Legion activities, and is one of the hustling members of Brockton Post.

From Brockton also comes news of one of "K" Company's leading lights, MICHAEL A. ("MIKE") SUSZINSKI. Mike's good disposition and quaint humor brightened up the dark confines of many a dugout and hole in the old days. Today he is employed by the Andrews Electric Company of Brockton, and is doing well. He is a member of Brockton Post of the Legion.

FRANCIS J. SEYSSEL of "Haitcha Comp," who cooked for Col. Logan at Bernecourt, (maybe that's the reason the Colonel had indigestion while at Bernecourt) is an active member of Col. Williams Post, V. F. W., Northampton. The Entertainment Committee of which he is a member puts on some good times for the Post, we are informed.

Many friends and former comrades were shocked to learn of the tragic death of ARTHUR IRWIN, formerly of K Company. It seems that he was out in a motor boat with a friend off the coast of Hull during that blizzard of a month ago, and although both Arthur and his chum understood the waters of Hull pretty well, they were unable to cope with the storm. No trace of either has been found. Arthur was cited for bravery at Vaux, during the Chateau-Thierry offensive. He was also wounded by shrapnel in that battle. Since the war he has been associated with his father in the hotel business at Nantasket. The last reunion of "K" was held at his hotel, the Weymouth House. Arthur will be remembered by his old buddies as a regular fellow and a good soldier.

"DAVE" KEEFE, of C Company, is a fireman in his home city of Newton. He pays an occasional visit to the Club. Although no fireman's job is a sinecure, we don't hear of many fires in the residential city; nor does "Dave" look as though he were wearing himself out putting them out.

We understand that "DICK" BOSTWICK of our medical detachment has come out of his shell and is making the rounds. "Dick" was on the road with Elsie Janis' show, "Elsie and her Gang," for about six months. The life of an actor didn't appeal to him, though, so he turned his attention to the study of medicine. We knew he couldn't get away from his first love, Miss Pill.

"GOLDIE" GOLDMAN, of A Company, has joined the Y D Colony out "Allston via Commonwealth Avenue" way. "Might as well live while you're living," says Goldie. "I never breathed such pure air in my life."

JOHN J. MAGUIRE and MARK KING have joined the reportorial staff of "the colyum." We need more. We'll print whatever you send in that is of news value, boys.

A. P. O. 709

Some day, like Lord Byron, "Yankee Doings" will wake up to find itself famous.

We have before us a letter from ERNEST McLAUGHLIN (Co. B, 101st Eng.) enclosing a clipping from the Prescott (Ariz.) Journal-Miner, said clipping being no other than old Rufus Leeks, Esq.'s history of the origin of Mah Jong. Mac says it made a big hit out there.

He also writes that LEONARDI, formerly "captain" of the Boston Club grill room is in Prescott and is planning a trip to Boston this summer to see the boys.

EMIL E. HOLMES (Hdq. Co., 102nd F. A.) writes from Hopkins, Minn., asking for information regarding membership in the YD Club.

Guess we've got good press agents abroad that we know not of.

FRANK M. KELLIHER (Band, 101st F. A.) sounds off from Baltimore that he has met many members of the 26th and as they all urge him to join the Y. D. V. A. he begs us to mail him an application blank. Moral: Boost—we can stand the notoriety.

GORDON S. FRESHNEY (Batt. D, 103d F. A.) is now living at 234 Twenty-First Street, Richmond, Cal. He hopes some of the Battery "D" fellows will take notice and drop him a line. He has been married since last September and is at present in the employ of the Standard Oil Co.

One of the latest sheep to come into the fold is ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS (Co. A, 101st M. P.) who sends in his membership blank from Reno, Nevada. He still draws his francs from Uncle Sam, being a mineralogist in the Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior. He invites all the boys to look him up when in town seeking divorces.

HENRY F. DURANT of Bath, Maine, liked the February cover, "Madelon," so well that he wrote in about it. Mentions that he's mustered in three youngsters, all boys, since the war. That makes him tie with Phil Palmstrom who designed the cover in question.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

WESLEY J. WIGGIN (101st Eng. Train) was married to Miss Berdena Covell at Newport, N. H., on January 31st. Mr. and Mrs. Wiggin will make their home at 440 Westford Street, Lowell, Mass.

ANTICS OF "A"

JAMES CONLEY, probably the youngest man in the Y D, is married and when asked about the rest of the State of Maine bunch, said, "I don't know, I don't get around much." That's the way they all get when they take the cold plunge, but he smiled when he said it as a man smiles when he has the only thing in the world worth while.

WALTER SWEENEY has two little girls calling him Papa now. Like the hero of the old ditty, he is working on the railroad.

BERNIE OSGOOD and BEANO PARSONS are working in the Portland Pottery or something like that, and are both enjoying single blessedness.

RED WILLIAMS has been married two years and still claims it's the only life.

LIEUT.-COL. BARTLETT, A Co's old captain, has been promoted to Divisional Engineer of the Boston Division, New Haven R. R. and is once more a resident of Boston.

MURDOCK J. GILLIS, dispenser of glad rags, is in business for himself in South Pasadena, Cal.

What's the matter with "A"? This first batch of news since last May is brought in by a medico, not an "A" man at all. Let every man in the company share the blame, and help keep up this month's good showing.

As this goes to press, we "See by the papers" that A Co. is having a banquet tonight (March 1st) at the Boston Tavern.

BUZZINGS OF "B"

MAYNARD W. BURNELL inquires from Harrison, Maine, about joining the Y. D. V. A. Our only misgivings are whether they can find room for a full sized copy of DOINGS in the mail car of the Bridgton & Saco River.

Yes, we've been to Harrison.

The friends of ERNEST McLAUGHLIN will be glad to hear that he is now out of the hospital and feeling better than at any time since coming home from France. Address for the present, Prescott, Arizona.

DOINGS OF "D"

A "D" Co. man, who prefers to remain anonymous, contribs as follows:

"You can read a magazine at eighty-two, but it's hard to land them after you lose your pep, so WALTER S. COUTERMARSH of Lebanon, N. H., has at last decided to join the big squad. The lucky bride is Miss Alice Allard. Congratulations, Mike."

GEORGE CURTIS sailed from France February 29th. He has been in both Bettaincourt and Rolampont and we will soon have his report as to how things are there.

ARTHUR CUMMINGS is now in Oakland, Md., on a construction job. We are sorry to hear that he lost his father last December.

OSCAR BOHLIN, we are sorry to hear, has resigned from his position of Adjutant in The Millitary Order of The World's War.

JAMES MULLEN'S address is Box 17, New Market, N. H. He wants to hear from CHARLIE JENKINS and PAUL MORIN. He says that JAMES MALLON'S address is W. S. S. Mahan, c|o Postmaster, N. Y.

Our old Top, MALCOLM GAGNON. was in town for a day the last part of February. He is now at 115 Prospect St., Newburyport. We wonder if he ever gives his famous talk regarding the face on the floor of the bar room now.

Rumor tells us that ELLIS F. HARLOW has gone and done it. Wonder if he ever tells his wife about the French girls he knew.

We heard that CURRY BARTLETT had a new recruit for D Co., but on checking it up we found it was a girl.

ELMER NELSON is engaged and the ceremony will take place the early part of the summer.

HARRY SPENCER saw MIKE SCHOENLY on his last trip to Kansas City. Schoenly is now handling the Brunswick Phonograph.

Wish some live wires from Norwood and Warren would send some news of the boys in their town. (Address Edward F. Walker, 10 State St., Boston.)

ECHOES OF "E"

See JOHNNY ROONEY'S letter, elsewhere in this issue.

CHARLIE HURTER has been promoted to head salesman in Boston for the Dover Stamping & Mfg. Co.

You don't have to cross the puddle to visit the old sectors. ANDY GHIRARDELLI is still plugging away at Wentworth Institute, where the Engineers first fought the guerre.

OKIE O'CONNOR writes from Livermore Falls, Maine, starting off:—"As this missile of imbecility will be too late for this month's edition of 'Echoes,' thereby causing said 'Echoes' to be N. G., I accept half rate for the following nonsense."

FANCIES OF "F"

FRANCIS J. STEVENS, our old friend, "Dynamite Steve," has applied for a commission in the Engineers Reserve Corps.

DUSTY FARNHAM of Marlboro paid Boston a visit a few weeks ago to attend a banquet of the shoe trades. Speaking of banquets reminds us that it is none too early to resolve to attend this year's "Reunion of the War Babies Companies, E and F." Date will be announced later.

Looking through the files at the Club the other evening,

we discovered with regret that ROBERT E. LANGHORST died some time ago. No date occurs on the record. A replacement sergeant has no easy job on his hands, but Bob Langhorst succeeded in being liked by all, and we're all sorry to see his name dropped from the roster.

ELMER CASEY, the West Newton Street M. P., is a great booster of the Club smokers. Casey knows a good thing; the rest of you ought to take his word for it and get around. Last month the only F Co. faces we saw were LEE REDFIELD, HOD PIERCE and CASEY. This lets us out as there are no mirrors in the hall.

Made a call on MIKE DRISCOLL lately at his store in Adams Square. Breezily asking for Mike Driscoll, I was somewhat intimidated by being asked if I meant MISTER Driscoll, at which moment Mike emerged smoking his old dudeen. In talking over the Company History, Mike wanted to know if his historic escape from our first shelling by crawling under a carload of ammunition was to be immortalized in print. We assured him it was.

WILLIAM W. WADE
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MEMOS OF THE MEDICOS

FRANK PILLSBURY would be glad to hear from his friends. He has been living at Saranac Lake for some time.

JOHN BARRON is working in a publishing house in New York City.

Fordham, N. Y., numbers among its estimable citizens our old friend, JULIUS FEDEL. He is married and spends his union hours selling surgical instruments.

ANTHONY CATULLO is living down in Dick Barlow's town. Those who have not seen Buttsy since the war would be surprised to see him now. He is about 8 feet tall and 4 feet wide.

BILL HUTCH is studying law and working for Judge Lowrie in the Pemberton Building.

The Packard Motor Co. has lost the services of JOHN McCONATY who now sits looking very important behind a large desk in the Manufacturers' Finance Co.

We've got some more of this to spill, thanks to LYMAN COZZENS, but we're going to ask you to wait till next month for the rest.

BATTERY "A" BARRAGE

As news gatherers, we'll soon be giving the Associated Press a run for their money. The following squibs came "through channels" as follows: JAMES COOK to ALFRED BECK, ALFRED BECK to BILL HACKETT, BILL HACKETT to ye Editor.

BOBBIE BURNS, Coast Envelope Co., San Francisco.

FRANK DAZEY, Hotel Hollywood, Hollywood, Calif.

BROWN and WILLIAMS, artistic mechanics of the Battery, are at Wilmington, Calif., the seaport of Los Angeles.

ALKIE JOHNSON is running a clothing business in Phœnix, Arizona.

Understand that JIM HOMMEL is connected with some film exchange in Los Angeles.

HAFER and JIM COOK report that they keep the "gamboleering" of the Battery alive by frequent Black-Jack, Penny-Ante, and other more or less harmless games. Only difference is that their respective fraus help to square the parties, so that much of the army comment as to the progress of the game has to be censored. Hafer is established on his own in the real estate business.

PAT LYNCH is selling Dodges and is also doing very well.

JIM COOK is still peddling Sunkist Service and has associated with him, back east, none other than JOE DEVANEY, ROSIE QUINN and JIMMY ESTABROOK (assistant manager of Hartford, Conn., office).

JOSEPH WILNER is in the office of the Printing Plant, Headquarters Engineer School, Fort Humphreys, Virginia. He has sent the Boston Club a copy of the History of the Fifth (Red Diamond) Division. It is a beautifully composed volume, profusely illustrated.

BILL HACKETT, the regular custodian of this column, is confined to the Waltham (Mass.) Hospital, with scarlet fever.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

THE YD CLUB OF PORTLAND is off again. We are not an "Outfit," but an organization consisting of the whole old bunch. And the ladies are with us all the time.

THE CLUB is growing every day, and hopes before long to include on its rolls every man eligible. Every member is working hard for the Club and its success.

A TAG DAY was held February 16, and everything went off with a bang.

EVERYONE eligible should be a member—the Old Division is just as good now as it was "Over There."

THE LADIES of the Auxiliary also want all possible members to sign up. The ladies entertain the Club twice every month, play games and serve refreshments. They are still as strong as ever for the ones they love, and their organization is doing great things for the good of the order.

We are trying hard for the big drive we promised "Daddy" Edwards, and are looking forward to the time our great and good leader will be with us again.

Snap into it, men, and we will soon have a home of our own in Portland.

—PERCY R. WITHAM, *Secretary.*

YD AUXILIARY

The By-Laws have been amended to provide that the names of all members whose dues remain unpaid April 1 shall be automatically dropped from the mailing list, to be restored only after the payment of all dues in arrears. As the new Year Book, which is shortly to be published, will contain only the names of members for 1924, any who have overlooked the matter of their dues are urged to give it prompt attention.

At the regular meeting of March 12, Mr. Alfred Sutcliffe gave a most interesting talk upon the Rehabilitation of Europe after the War, to which the members of the YD Club of Boston were invited.

The last of the season's series of informal dances, which have been given under the direction of Mrs. F. S. Coburn's committee, was held at the Clubhouse, March 15.

The very successful Wednesday evening whists came to a close with that of February 27, the committee in charge of which consisted of Mrs. Catherine P. Sullivan (chairman), Mrs. Joseph J. Avery and Mrs. Sarah McKinley.

The sympathy of the Auxiliary goes out to Mrs. Edna M. Estabrook, one of our most loyal members, and her family, in the loss of her husband, who passed away very suddenly on February 15.

An Executive Board meeting was held on February 8.

A regular meeting was held on February 13. After the business session, the members listened to a most interesting talk on "The Official List of the Uncensored Source of Records Chronologically Arranged," by Mr. L. T. Spencer. Two dances given by little Miss Agnes Collins were very much enjoyed. Refreshments were served.

The regular monthly Sewing Meeting was held on February 27 and progress was reported. Tea was served.

On Lincoln's Birthday one of the most successful affairs in the annals of the Auxiliary (both socially and financially) took place at the YD Clubhouse, in the form of an old-fashioned supper and dance. It is estimated that three hundred sat down to the bountiful supper served from 6.30 to 8.00 P.M., after which modern and old-fashioned dancing was enjoyed. Excellent music was furnished by the YD orchestra. The old-fashioned costumes worn by Mrs. Will F. Lawrence and Mrs. Mary E. Lynch, chairman of the committee, gave an old-time atmosphere to the occasion. Too much credit cannot be given to Mrs. Lynch and her committee who worked tirelessly for the success of the event.

On Tuesday, April 8, at 2.00 o'clock, the Auxiliary will hold an auction bridge, straight whist and mah jong party at the YD Clubhouse. The tickets are 75 cents each, or three dollars a table, and may be obtained from any member of the committee, or at the next meeting of the Auxiliary, March 12. Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards is one of the sponsors of this party, a complete list of whom will be in next month's DOINGS.

The committee is as follows:—Mrs. Will F. Lawrence and Miss Lucy Hall Taylor, chairmen; Mrs. Henry Cormerais, Mrs. James Cook, Mrs. Howard Gale, Mrs. Archibald Jordan, Mrs. John Kenny, Mrs. Horace Z. Landon, Mrs. Francis Robart, Mrs. Charles C. Rogers, Mrs. Alfred Sutcliffe and Mrs. Herbert Thurston.

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FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

The executive committee of the 104th Infantry Association met at Worcester on Sunday, February 3, with Commander George Thomson of the Worcester unit in the chair and Adjutant Bill Forrest behind the pencil.

The principal business related to the reissue of the Regimental Ring. Some men entitled to the ring have, for various reasons, never received them and many of the rings have been worn out or lost. A special committee will present to the Holyoke convention, April 26, a plan for reissue, with proper safeguards, and will provide facilities for receiving applications at that time.

Resolutions were adopted on the death of Woodrow Wilson, war-time Commander-in-Chief, which occurred the day of the meeting.

The project to copyright the "104th Torch" design was reported inexpedient, and tabled.

Steps were taken to expedite the passage of House Bill 496 (Mass.) which provides for the placing in the State House of a mural painting depicting the decoration of the 104th's colors.

HOLYOKE UNIT, 104th

GET BACK IN STEP WITH YOUR BUDDIES IN HOLYOKE!

Saturday, April 26. Put it down in your notebook before you forget. It's the date of an event you won't want to miss. The annual reunion of the 104th Infantry Veterans' Association. And it's going to be SOME REUNION.

The date was chosen to allow comrades to attend with little or no loss of time. The City of Holyoke is out to trim the wonderful record established by Cambridge last year. It is up to every 104th man to make the "Paper City" his objective on April 26.

Start rolling the packs now, and turn up for rollcall at Holyoke. All your pals will be there to greet you. Get there if you have to "hike to Holyoke" via the shoe leather express.

Anyone desiring further information should address RALPH H. ARMSTRONG, 598 Dwight Street, Holyoke, Mass.

WORCESTER UNIT, 104th

HJALMAR C. MAGNUSON (ex-Sgt. "C" Co.) has been to sea as second mate for the past three years, and recently visited Worcester. Maggie's ship has been aground twice, and was wrecked during the recent earthquake, he being in the water nearly an hour before getting picked up. His next trip is to China, with a relief ship. Permanent address is 666 West 5th Street, San Pedro, Calif.

"SAMMY" DUFAULT, whom we recently reported back from France with his French bride, has been located in Webster, Mass., where he is operating a lunchroom. Sam was mess sergeant for "C" Company, 104th Inf. Watch Webster's death-rate!

BOSTON UNIT, 104th

The February meeting of the Greater Boston unit was held Thursday, the 28th, with Commander Gannon pre-

siding. The mural painting bill was the chief matter of discussion. The bill (House 496) has been reported by the joint committee on Military Affairs and goes next to Ways and Means. A copy of the bill is printed below. All members and friends of the 104th are asked to speak or write to their senators and representatives, urging support for the bill. Notice of the hearing before Ways and Means will appear in the Boston *Transcript* and possibly other papers. Watch for it, and make every effort to be present at the meeting. At any rate, write to the Clerk of Ways and Means Committee, State House, Boston, asking him to record you in favor of House Bill 496.

GEORGE WHITE (M. G. Co.), who has been assistant manager of the YD Club of Boston, has been appointed Armorer of the new State Armory in Quincy, Mass. He took up his new duties March 10. The congratulations of a host of friends go with him.

LEWIS D. McDOWELL (San. Det.) has been elected adjutant and finance officer of the Boston unit. Lew has just been discharged from the hospital following a serious operation on the eye.

Sympathy is extended to RUSSELL A. HARMON (Co. C) upon the death of his father, which occurred February 27, at Floyd, Virginia.

A grand get-together dinner is planned by the Boston unit just prior to the Apremont Day reunion, for the purpose of promoting enthusiasm for the 1924 Reunion at Holyoke. This dinner, which will be popular priced, will take the place of the April meeting of the unit. TOM MARLEY is in charge of arrangements, and full details will be announced at the next meeting, Thursday, March 27, at the YD Club of Boston.

HOUSE BILL NO. 496

"RESOLVED, That in testimony of the Commonwealth's appreciation of the services rendered by the men from Massachusetts who served in the World War and to commemorate the signal honor to those men and to the Commonwealth as evidenced by the decoration during the World War of the colors of the One Hundred and Fourth Regiment of Infantry of the Twenty-sixth Division by the French Republic, which regiment was the first unit of American troops to be so honored by a foreign government during the history of our nation; and to properly impress our citizens of this and future generations with the importance of such honor, it is hereby directed that a fitting mural decoration, representing such event, be placed in the State House. For this purpose, a sum not exceeding.....
.....dollars may be expended therefor by a commission to consist of five persons appointed by the Governor, who shall arrange therefor and who shall, subject to the approval of the art commission, select a site within the State House for the erection thereof."

REUNION OF THE 102d F.A. BAND

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Russell entertained the original members of the 102nd Field Artillery Band recently at their home in Swampscott; this being the first reunion of the Unit since the termination of the war. These men were all from Massachusetts and were referred to by Frank P. Sibley in his book "With The Yankee Division in France," as the "Cowboy Band," owing to the skill they used in handling the horses on which they played.

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LEOMINSTER ATHOL

This was the first mounted band in France, and was chosen by General Edwards to be detailed to the Headquarters of the 26th Division, to play for its functions, including the Christmas Dinner given the late President Wilson, by the Division at Montigny le Roi, also assigned to play for Elsie Janis while in that sector, at her request, as well as concerts for many French Generals.

The 102nd Field Artillery Band was the first American Band to play in the Casement of Verdun; the concert being given in the Theatre of the Fort, 89 feet under ground.

TAPS

PETER G. McKENNA, M.D., formerly Captain 101st Ambulance Corps, and later with the 101st Field Signal Battalion, died February 2, 1924, at Canton, Mass.

WOODROW WILSON, former Commander-in-Chief of the Military and Naval Forces of the United States, died at Washington, D. C., February 3, 1924.

FRANK W. DRAGON, formerly Corporal Company I, 104th Infantry, died recently at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City. Burial was at Northampton, Mass.

HOWARD P. CLEVELAND, formerly of Company B, 103d Machine Gun Battalion, died of service disabilities at St. Albans, Vt., January 15, 1924.

AMMUNITION

It is all right to begin now. The drive to establish "Permanent liaison with every YD man" is under way. You are expected to round up the stragglers in your area. The more the merrier. For a starter, an application blank is printed in this issue. Additional blanks are yours for the asking. But use one, anyhow.

Chances are that the YD bird you pick out will just look sheepish, admit that he "oughter," and borrow your pencil.

Some may have excuses. One, for instance, may break the news that he didn't even know there was a Y.D.V.A. or a YD Club. Or a YD Memorial Building. Or YANKEE DOINGS.

He is easy. Give him this copy. We'll send you two in place of it. Just to eliminate such ignorance, we are mailing ten thousand "Broadcasts" to addresses we have. If you know of anyone who ought to receive one, send his name and address.

Another bimbo may opine that he is fed up on the war and all its works. You can thaw him out. Show him some outfit news in DOINGS. If he happens to live near Beantown, invite him to the next Smoker. An evening with the old crowd and he's cured. The old enthusiasm, once hatched, will breed like cooties.

The chap with the one-way pockets will probably confide to you that he's a little hard up just now. Old stuff. Parting with one, two, three or five dollars isn't going to make anyone a public charge. A couple of seats for a show cost more than a resident membership.

Then there is the guy who is naturally suspicious. He has the hunch that a clique or something runs the organization, and they are nothing in his young life. He is half right. A "clique" runs everything that is run. In our case, it consists of all who in the darker days pulled the old craft through the breakers into smooth water. An outfit with a potential membership of forty thousand can't be made highbrow enough for some or lowbrow enough for others. To anyone who craves the seclusion of the cloister: don't come in. We are lowbrows. To anyone who enjoys wrecking furniture: don't come in. We are highbrows. Everyone else will find the "clique" pretty fair company. And on joining, he will discover that he is one of them.

Finally, there is the calamity cuss who heard somewhere that the whole works was shot. Don't laugh in his face. Slip him the real dope: that we've only just begun, are on the up-grade and hitting on all six.

Comrades of the Brotherhood of Stickers, go to it!

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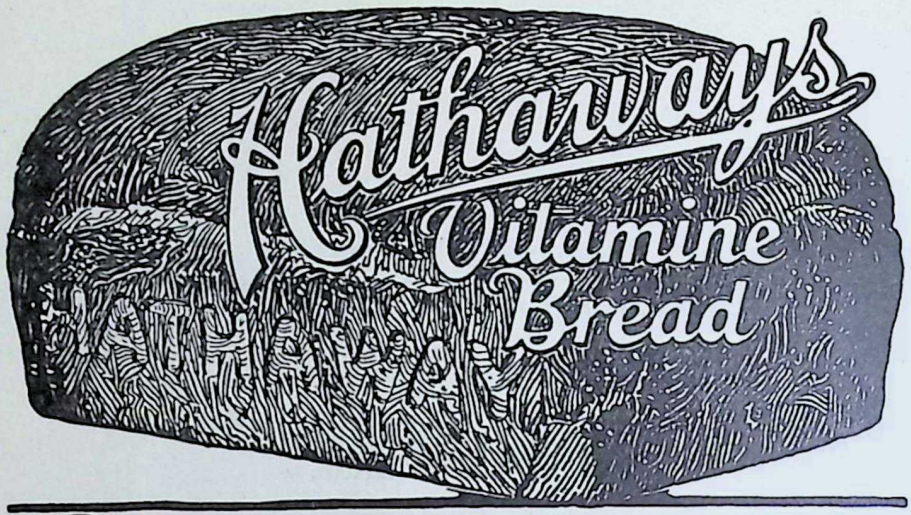

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